

Our Boys and Girls

AT SLEEPY-TIME.

I go to bed, I'm not afraid,
But, oh, I wonder this;
Why day-light comes and softly goes
And then the night just it.

I wonder why the sun gets up
And then goes back to bed,
And leaves the moon and little stars
A-shining overhead.

I wonder if the moon-beams that
The grown folks talk about
Are little fairy boys and girls
That run and play and shout.

I wonder if the stars can see
What we are doing here,
And if they're ever tired with
Forever shining there.

I wonder where the quiet stays
That comes when night is here,
It seems to whisper, "Go to sleep,
Angels are very near."

I wonder, oh, so many things,
I'll have to go to sleep,—
"If I should die before I wake
Dear Lord, my soul to keep."

THE WINDOW-BOX GARDEN.

Emily began her planting very early in the spring. Father placed the window box in the sunny southern window. She made the earth soft and mellow with her trowel.

"O mother!" she cried, when she tore a corner from the seed package. "Such tiny, tiny seeds! I don't believe they'll grow! I don't believe they are any larger than grains of dust."

"Don't lose them, dear; indeed they will grow. Such wonderful plants lie asleep in each little seed!"

Then mother showed her how to plant the seeds.

It was not long before the baby plants began to sprout. Emily watched them and cared for them every day. When they were thirsty, she gave them a drink from her little watering can.

Every day they grew a little larger; and by and by the flower buds began to appear. How proud of her window garden Emily was when it was in full bloom!

When the summer was over, and the flowers were gone, many, many little seed pods appeared. Mother showed Emily when they were ripe. When she had gathered the seeds, she found that she had enough to plant three window boxes the next spring. She gave a package of seed to little lame Benny, and another to the little neighbor girl who moved away to another city.

Long, long ago, God made a promise; we can read it in our Bibles. God said, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

This is as if God had said, "As long as the earth lasts, you shall have food to eat."

Seedtime comes in the autumn. Perhaps you think that seed is food only for the birds. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn that much of your own food is seed.

Do you know that your bread is made of seed? The flour is made from wheat, and wheat is a seed. The oatmeal that you often eat for breakfast is made from seed, for oats

are seeds. The corn muffins you eat are made from a seed, for corn is seed.

Even the fruits, the apples and pears and peaches, are the outside coverings of seeds. Cut open an apple and you will find the seeds within. The nuts that you will gather this fall, or buy at the store, are seeds. How glad Mr. Squirrel is for this kind of seed!

The farmer says: "I will harvest my wheat and corn. I will harvest my apples." This is just the same thing as saying, "I will gather my wheat, my corn and my apples."

Was not God kind to his children to make this promise? Will you not think of it this autumn when you enjoy all the gifts that he sends to us at harvest time every year?—Westminister Primary Lessons.

WHERE THE SUNSHINE COMES FROM.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's armchair, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma. "I have read a little and prayed a great deal. and then looked out at the people. There is a little girl that I have learned to watch for. She has a wealth of sunny brown hair; her eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now."

"Who—that girl with the old brown coat on?" cried the boy. "Why, I know that girl; that's Susie Moore, and she has a very hard time, grandma."

"Has she, indeed?" said grandma. "Then wouldn't you like to know where she gets all that brightness from?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly; and, to grandma's surprise, he raised the window and called: "Susie, Susie, come up here a minute. Grandma wants to see you."

The little girl seemed surprised, but she turned at once and came in.

Arthur met her at the door and said, "Susie, grandma would like to know what makes you bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to be," she said. "You see, papa's been sick a long time, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

Grandma put her arm around the little girl and said: "You could not have a better reason for shining. Keep on shining, dear little sunbeam."—Selected.

Children's Letters

A SUFFRAGETTE.

By a twelve-year-old Texas girl.
Oh, how I wish I was a boy,
'Cause little girls don't have much joy;
You have to wear ribbons and sashes if you're a girl,
And your hair you must comb with many a curl.
You can't wear trousers and collars high,
For the neighbors with the shock would die.
So I've decided to be a suffragette;
Then I'll be as happy as any boy yet.
Then I will wear shirt waists, and collars and ties,

And I'll make the neighbors open their eyes.
I'll be a sort of an in-between,
With boyish sports and a girlish mean.
Then I can wear dresses of satin and silk,
And powder my face as white as milk,
And still enjoy the boyish sports,
From the voting stand to the baseball courts.
Crockett, Texas.

BIRD NEST IN GERANIUM.

Dear Presbyterian: Mother and I have been staying with Grandma Fulford at Plantersville for three months to keep little brother and me from catching whooping-cough. We live in Selma, Ala. Grandma has a very low bushy geranium on a stand in her front porch and two little wrens have built a pretty nest and the mother has laid four eggs. Grandma noticed and she only sat 17 days and hatched every one. They are in the nest now. Every time the birds bring a worm they will open their mouths for her to drop it in.

Your little friend,
Evelyn Furniss Hogg.

Plantersville, Ala.

LIVES ON A FARM.

Dear Presbyterian: This is my first letter. I am a little boy eleven years old. I live on the farm. I have just gotten over a spell of sickness. The doctor said I had the typhoid fever. I hope my letter will escape the waste basket, so as to surprise my mother.

Your little friend,
Hardin Reynolds.

Critz, Va.

OUR LETTER FRIEND.

Dear Presbyterian: I am eleven years old. I live in the country with Mrs. Wharton. We have three horses and two mules and three calves, and three cows. I set a hen and she hatched ten chickens. As my letter is growing so long I will close. I am

Your letter friend,
Paul Dale.

BIRTHDAY ON HALLOWE'EN.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. My birthday is on Hallowe'en. I have a pet cat named Tom. I have one sister and two brothers. I have recited the Child's Catechism when I was seven. I am in the sixth grade at school. I study: Reading, arithmetic, geography, spelling and grammar. I will close by asking a question: Who betrayed Jesus?

Your friend,
Janet Hall.

Lexington, Mo.

GOING ON A VISIT.

Dear Presbyterian: This is my first letter to you. My father takes your good paper and I enjoy reading the children's letters. We attend the Presbyterian Church. My Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Elizabeth Putwater. I like her very much. I am in the sixth grade at school and I like to go very well. Hope I will like my teacher this year. My grandmother came to visit us this evening. She is going to stay a while. I am going to visit my aunt in Pennsylvania Christmas. She was to see us last summer.

My brother came home on a visit from Hot Springs last week. We were glad to see him. I will ask a question: What became of Paul after his conversion?

I will close, hoping the waste basket will be off on a visit, for I want to surprise my aunt.

Your unknown friend,
Carrie Calhoun.

Burketown, Va.